

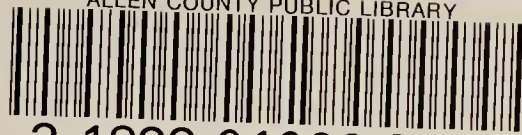
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Gleanings
from
Old Bennington



By
WILLIAM JUSTIN MANN

1770098

Gleanings
from
Old Bennington



MAJ. GEN. STARK

By

WILLIAM JUSTIN MANN

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Mann, William Justin.

Gleanings from Old Bennington...
[Camb., Mass., 1924] D.

"First appeared, although somewhat
abbreviated, as Little walks about
CHELSEA BOSTON, in the Boston post."

338674

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WILLIAM JUSTIN MANN

These *Gleanings* first appeared, although somewhat abbreviated, as *Little Walks About Boston*, in the *BOSTON POST*. In response to various requests, they now take on their present form.

W. J. M.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *August 16, 1924*

338674

THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT commemorates one of the most important events of the American Revolution.

General Burgoyne had marched triumphantly from Canada to the Hudson, Ticonderoga had fallen, and its retreating defenders had been overtaken and defeated at Hubbardton. Washington did not see how Burgoyne's progress was to be checked.

The situation of the Vermonters was a critical one. Burgoyne heard that there was a supply of cattle and stores at Bennington and determined to march upon the place and seize the supplies. Vermont called upon New Hampshire for aid, and gallant John Stark soon sent word: "I am on the way with all the men I can muster."

On the 9th of August, 1777, Stark was at Bennington, and supported by Massachusetts and Vermont men, he was ready to meet the invaders. On the 16th of August was fought the decisive battle of Bennington, resulting in the complete defeat of Burgoyne, and leading up to his surrender, which soon became inevitable.

The monument stands on a commanding eminence in "Old Bennington." It is an imposing shaft, over 300 feet in height, and as you stand at its foot and look up at it, it is decidedly impressive. The view spread out before you is also one of great beauty.

On your way to the monument you pass the graphic figure marking the site of the old Catawampus Tavern, and a little farther on you come

to a granite monument having on it a bronze tablet setting forth that near this spot, in 1761, Captain Samuel Robinson, the pioneer settler of Bennington, built his first log cabin. The cabin is pictured forth on the tablet.

* * * * *

A stranger pauses before the bronze figure of a snarling-faced catamount, standing on its monumental pedestal, a short distance below the Battle Monument at Bennington. It is to mark the site of the old Catamount Tavern, where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys held their meetings.

New York claimed the land which had been granted to the Bennington settlers by Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire. Fierce disputes arose in which Ethan Allen prominently figured. Stephen Fay, the landlord of the Green Mountain Tavern, placed on his sign post a stuffed catamount, looking towards New York, and "grinning defiance." The name of the house was then changed to Catamount Tavern.

It was at the Catamount Tavern that Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain Boys, and other prominent men of Bennington met after news came of the battle of Lexington, resolved "the cause of the country to be just," and that "resistance to Great Britain had become the indispensable duty of a free people."

It was at the Tavern that the capture of Fort Ticonderoga was planned. Ethan Allen with 270 men, all but 40 of whom were Green Mountain boys, surprised the sentinel, and ordered the commandant of Fort Ticonderoga to surrender. Asked "by whose authority?" Allen

thundered out his well-known response, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

And it was at the Catamount Tavern that the council of safety remained all the day of the Battle of Bennington, and it was there that they finally received the glad tidings of the victory.

Just south of the Catamount Tavern stood the house where Ethan Allen lived.

* * * * *

Captain Samuel Robinson, the pioneer settler of Bennington, Vt., was born in Cambridge, Mass. His father, of the same name, and believed to have been a descendant of the Rev. John Robinson, the Pilgrim pastor, came over to America and settled in Cambridge. The son, Captain Samuel Robinson, removed to Hardwick and remained there for twenty-six years before removing to Bennington.

He was a Colonial soldier, and when returning from the Battle of Lake George he followed by mistake, as tradition loves to say, the Walloomsac River, instead of the Hoosac. Coming to the spot where Bennington now stands, he was so charmed by the beauty of its situation that he determined to return to it later and make it his home. On June 18, 1761, he did so return with a party of settlers, some of them coming from Amherst, Mass., and built his log cabin.

This is the story as tradition loves to have it. There seems, however, to be some doubt about Captain Robinson having lost his way, and it may be that he already knew about these lands

of the Bennington grant, and *purposely chose* the route which would enable him to see them.

His wife, the daughter of John Wight of Dedham, was a superior woman and a great reader, especially of history. When her husband went to England on behalf of the settlers, where he died of the smallpox, she remained at home in the log house, and took care of the children. She was as brave as she was refined. One night, wolves came and tried to force their way into the cabin. She knocked on the door, but that failing to frighten them, she snatched some firebrands from the hearth, opened the door, and shouting loudly, waved them so vigorously at the wolves that they fled away, and did not return.

Not long since, in the present Robinson House at Old Bennington, I was shown the treasured Bible that belonged to Samuel Robinson, and afterwards to his wife, Marcy Robinson. It has in it the original book-plate, reading: "Samuel Robinson—His Book—1750." At the end of the Apocrypha is this gift inscription, written by the courageous woman who frightened off the wolves:

"Marcy Robinson her Bible this day is eighty years of age. I do give this Bible to my son David Robinson in remembrance of his mother. I pray God to give him grace to make a good use of this Book. In the year 1794."

Captain Samuel Robinson was the first magistrate of Vermont, having been appointed a justice by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, for whom the town of Bennington

was named. Moses, the third son of Captain Samuel and Mrs. Robinson, became Governor of the new State of Vermont. Three of their descendants, Mrs. S. B. Hall, Miss Carrie H. Robinson and George A. Robinson, are now living in Old Bennington.

* * * * *

In the Governor Tichenor house, at Old Bennington, Vt., there are still preserved sections of the memorial wall paper made at the time of the death of Washington. The design on this paper represents a fenced-in enclosure, within which is an urn on a pedestal, the pedestal bearing the inscription: "Sacred to Washington."

An eagle, putting his head under his wing, surmounts the urn. Two figures leaning on the pedestal represent respectively, Justice and Liberty. Furlled battle-flags, and weapons, are in the foreground. To each of the Governors of the States there was given sufficient of this memorial paper to paper a room, Governor Tichenor being one of the recipients. Isaac Tichenor was graduated from Princeton in 1775. He was a cultivated and polished gentleman, and was Chief Executive of the State from 1797 to 1807.

There is also preserved in the house the old Bible presented by Governor Tichenor, in 1816, to his niece, Catherine Beach. The present owner of the house, Mr. Leonard Outhwaite, has also collected a number of rare and interesting books. One of them is "A Descriptive Sketch of the Present State of Vermont," by John A. Graham, L.L. D., printed in London in 1797. Mr. Graham was a lawyer at Rutland, Vermont.

Of special interest is a book written by Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga. It has the somewhat formidable title, "Reason the Only Oracle of Man—or a Compenduous System of Natural Religion." We are so accustomed to think of Ethan Allen only as the soldier and patriot, that it is somewhat of a surprise to find him appearing as the author of a work of this character. There is also in the collection a "Memoir of Col. Ethan Allen," by Hugh Moore, published at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1834. Carefully guarded in a safe-deposit vault is one of Mr. Outhwaite's autograph treasures, which reads as follows: "*March 11, 1800, I promise for value received to pay Samuel Robinson seventeen dollars and fifty cents in one year from the date with interest, witness my hand—John Stark.*"

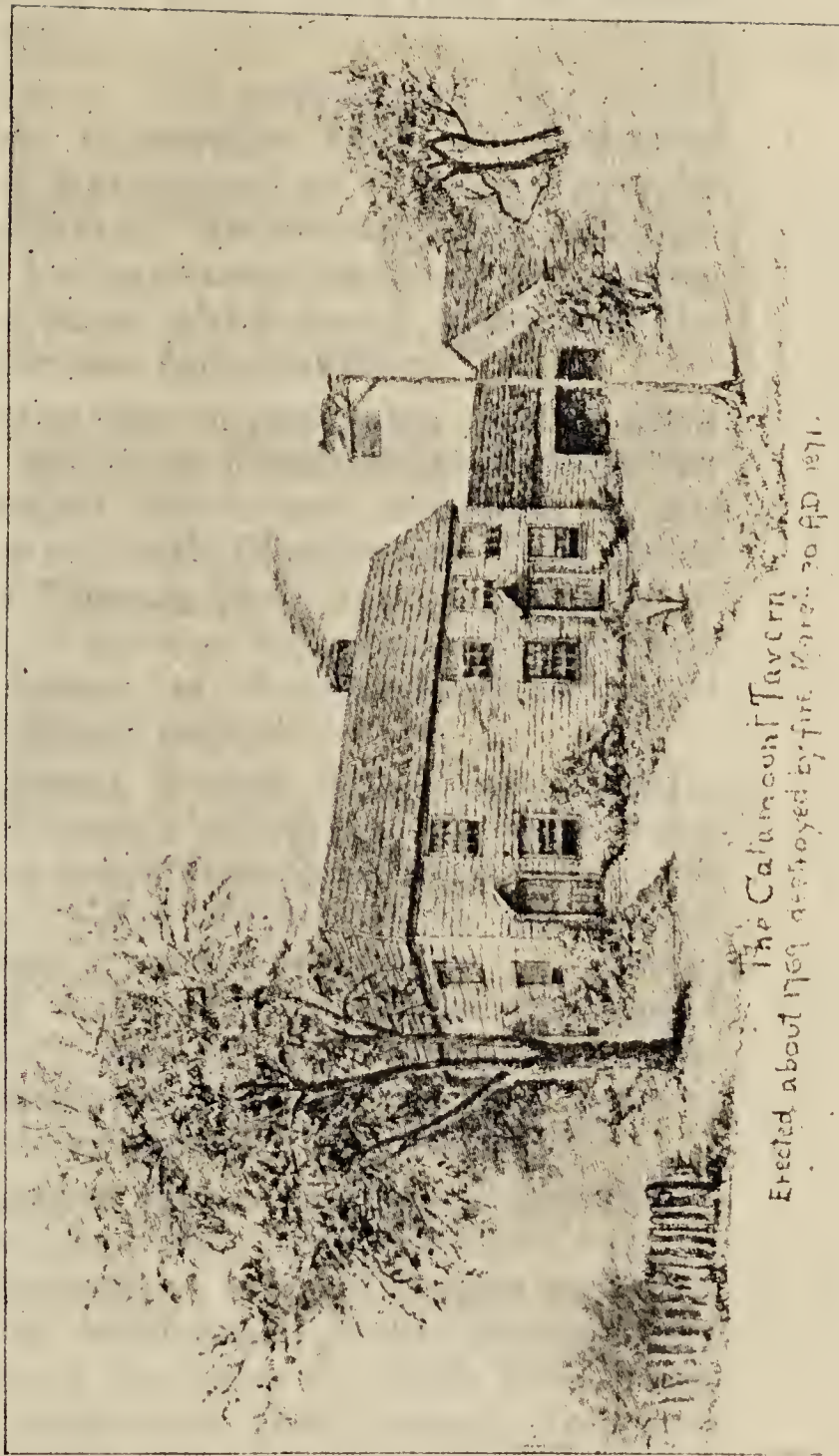
On the back is the endorsement:

"Received September 24th, 1802, ten dollars on this note of John Stark—Samuel Robinson."

* * * * *

To come in close touch with the Battle of Bennington you have to go some five miles from the Battle Monument and stand before the stone marker on which is inscribed: "General John Stark's Camping Ground—August 14-15-16, 1777," together with Stark's famous words: "There are the Redcoats and they are ours, or this night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

Standing thus, you can look across to the hilly slopes on which the battle actually was fought. This battle site is now in New York territory, just across the line. The Battle Monument was not placed there, because Old Bennington was



The Calumet Tavern
Erected about 1769 destroyed by fire March 30 AD 1871.

the objective aimed at by the British. The monument is some six or seven miles from the actual battleground.

General Baum, who commanded the British forces in that memorable fight, was mortally wounded and was carried to a house where he died the same day. His sword, which fell into the hands of his opponents, is the most precious trophy of the battle which meant so much to the cause of American Independence.

That sword is now in possession of Hall Park McCullough and is a prized object among the notable treasures which are enshrined in his historic house at North Bennington. That house was built by Thomas Hall, the grandfather of Hiland Hall, who was Governor of Vermont, and in the library of that house were signed many of his official papers.

The Catamount Tavern figures prominently in Mr. McCullough's collection. In that collection there is a sandstone tablet which stood over the fireplace in the Tavern, with the words, "Council Room" cut into the stone. A mirror, two hassocks, a foot-warmer, a lantern and a bureau were all once in that celebrated rendezvous of Vermont patriots, and the very doors of the old Tavern are also in the collection.

Other objects of fascinating appeal are bullet-moulds in which were moulded bullets for the Battle of Bennington; two red British uniforms taken from the battlefield; several cannon-balls, and a picture of the house in which Gen. Baum died. The snow-shoes that Samuel Robinson used in surveying the town line of Bennington make another interesting feature of this collec-

tion, which includes also valuable autograph letters and documents, one of them being a letter written by Gen. John Stark from his headquarters at Saratoga.

* * * * *

Gen. Ethan Allen is one of the dramatic figures in American history, and a thrilling chapter in his career is found in his "Narrative of Captivity." Old Bennington, Vt., is a good place to read that story. It was here that he organized resistance against the new claimants to the lands held by the settlers in the New Hampshire Grants, and from here he started out with the Green Mountain Boys on the expedition against Fort Ticonderoga.

After the capture of the Fort, and while he was still at Ticonderoga, he was requested to attend Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, who had been ordered to advance into Canada. His compliance with this request resulted in the most terrible experience of his life, and one that proved well-nigh fatal to him.

From the first expedition to Canada, although it was attended with much danger, he returned safely. The command then devolved upon General Montgomery, General Schuyler having returned to Albany, and Ethan Allen was ordered to make a second tour into Canada. In the course of that second expedition, he was persuaded to join in an attempt to capture Montreal. This futile effort resulted in his being taken a prisoner, together with the small force remaining under his command. He had been abandoned by two of his little divisions of Canadians, upon whom he had relied.

He surrendered upon the promise of being treated with honor, but no sooner had he delivered up his sword, than a naked and painted savage came running towards him with incredible speed, and with distorted features, and when within less than twelve feet raised his gun to fire at him. Allen succeeded in keeping between him and the Indian the officer to whom he had capitulated, so that the savage dared not fire, for fear of killing the officer. A second "imp of hell" joined in the attack, and Allen kept that unhappy officer whirling about with astonishing velocity, thus making him serve as a screen of defence. Finally, some of his captors interposed, and the Indians were driven away.

Then followed what seems to have been some three years of terrible captivity. Loaded with heavy chains, Ethan Allen was taken on board the "Gaspee," was carried to Quebec, to England, to Ireland, and back to New York, being kept in filthy and stifling holes on board ship, and in equally disgusting and unsanitary conditions in his prisons on shore. The whole experience was almost indescribable in its horrors. It was not until after the surrender of Burgoyne that Ethan Allen was finally released, went to Valley Forge, where he was courteously received by Washington, and obtained leave to return home that he might restore his impaired health. When he reached Bennington, where he had been given up as dead he was welcomed with much rejoicing.

* * * * *

A romantic and dramatic story connected with the Battle of Bennington, and one not to be

found in the history books, is told by one of the oldest and best known residents of the town.

The story runs in this wise: Just before the first engagement of the battle, a beautiful woman, clad in white, and mounted on a fine horse, came riding inside the American lines, on the banks of the Walloomsac. She was so finely dressed and so distinguished in appearance, that the British who had sent her over thought that she would not be taken for a spy. But Yankee shrewdness at once detected her real character and motives, and she was ordered to be shot. A soldier fired, and she fell from her horse. She was picked up and her disarranged clothing was adjusted, but she was lifeless. As to what was done with the body, or where she was buried, tradition is silent.

General David Robinson and a man by the name of Wills, both of whom were eye-witnesses of the occurrence, and who were both in the battle, were talking over this tragic event while seated at the dinner table in the General David Robinson homestead. The father and mother of the present George A. Robinson were present at the table, heard this conversation, and told the story to their children.

Information from the same source seems to disturb the equestrian feature of the famous utterance of General Stark just before the battle as to Molly Stark sleeping a widow that night if the British won. Instead of being picturesquely mounted on a horse when he uttered those well-known words, as he is usually represented, this apparently authentic version of the occurrence says that General Stark was

standing on a pair of bars in the pasture, when he pointed to the approaching British, and used the oft-quoted words attributed to him.

The one who told me this story was, when a boy, taken by his father to the identical spot where Gen. David Robinson, who was present when the words were uttered, recounted the occurrence to his grandson, George W. Robinson, who in turn told it to his son.

Thus it has been handed down through a direct line of the descendants of the first settler, Capt. Samuel Robinson. Those bars stood only a short distance from the stone marking Gen. John Stark's Camping Ground.

* * * * *

Quite a goodly number of years ago, a certain Episcopal rector (the Rev. Mr. Weeks), was conducting services at the school house in lower Bennington, Vt., in default of a church building. One day he called at the house of a prospective parishioner, by the name of Riley Herrington, who was out in the fields at the time of the call. Being summoned to the house, and asked by the minister if he would like to have him pray with him, there came the decidedly frank response: "I'd just as lief you wouldn't as tew." This was taken as a sufficient assent, grudging though it was, and the prayer was duly offered.

In the same dwelling, and in fact keeping house for the not over enthusiastic Mr. Herrington, was a woman of middle age, whose name was Brown. On this, or on the occasion of another call, the Rev. Mr. Weeks said to her: "You were at the vesper service Sunday before

last; but I didn't see you there last Sunday." "No," was the reply, "and I ain't goin' agin." "Why not?" asked the minister. "I don't care for that sort of service," was the response, "there's too much gettin' up and sittin' down, to suit me."

The rector expostulated, saying that it was the right kind of a service to have every one take part. "When I go to a service," she replied, "I want the minister to do the whole thing, and not have the people take part. I want to have something that I can take away with me and have it help me some." "Oh," urged the minister, "you can take this service away with you, and it will help you." "It's no such thing," replied Mrs. Brown, "it don't help me a mite." In telling of this call to a friend, she wound up the discussion which followed, by saying decidedly: "I ain't a goin, and that settles it."

Now this good Mrs. Brown was of a delightful old New England type, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe loved to depict, a type that has almost entirely vanished. She was a "character;" still remembered with affection by those now living. She was called the "neighborhood regulator." Going to a neighbor's house, she would point out some article in the room, and say: "What have you got that there for? That ain't the place for it." Then she would get up and move it to where she thought it ought to be, and there it would stay!

One day she came to call on Miss Hubbell, who was busy in another room, but who soon heard her visitor hammering and pounding on

something. Going into the room, she found Mrs. Brown driving a nail into the window-sill, "Why, what are you doing?" asked the astonished Miss Hubbell. "Can't you see? I'm driving a nail," was the response. "It was no place for your piece-bag up there, it's too high; this is the place for it." And thereupon the "village regulator" took the bag and hung it on the nail she had driven. There it has remained ever since, and there I saw it still hanging, only a short time ago.

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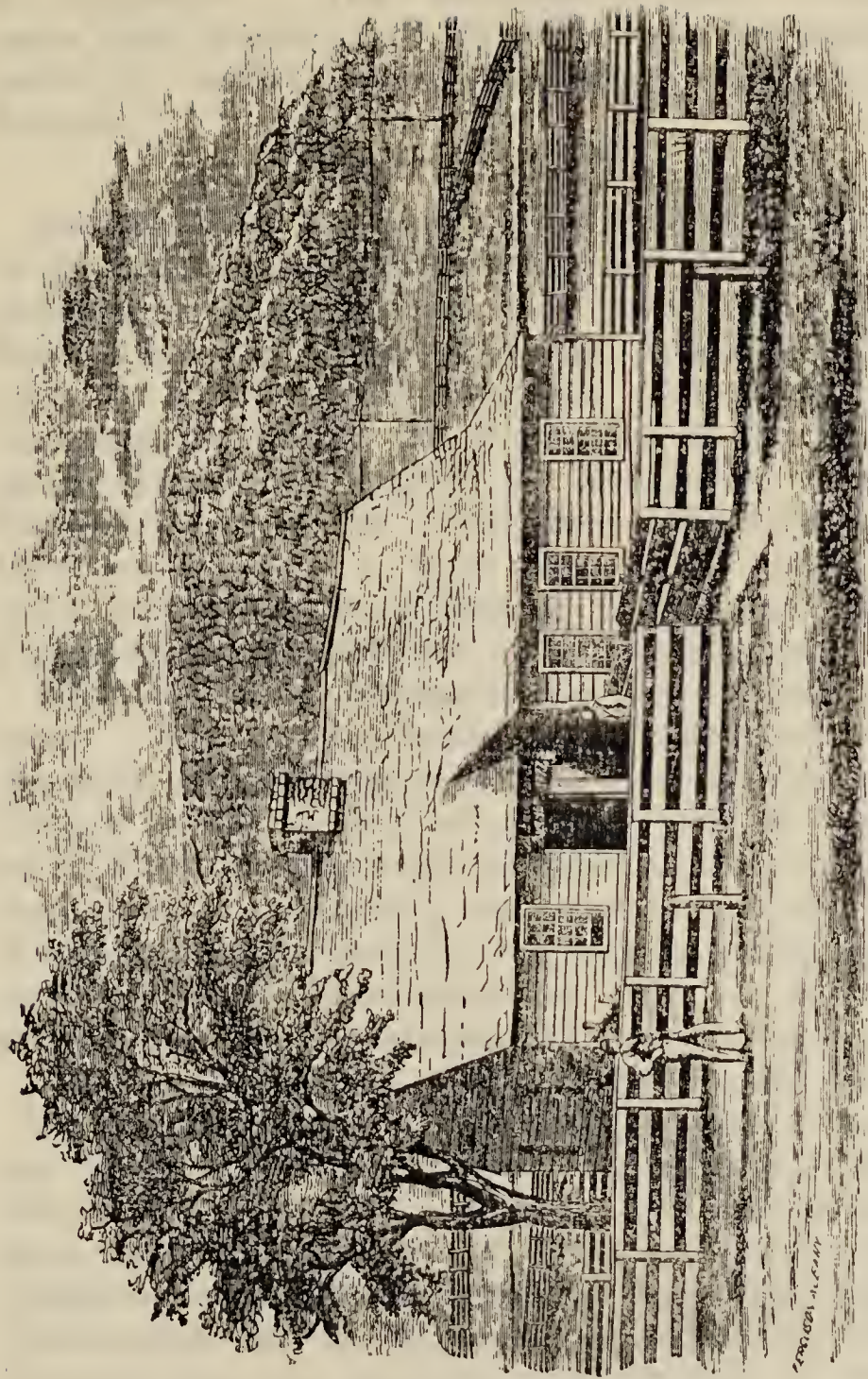
General Burgoyne, in a private letter to Lord Germaine, dated at Saratoga, Aug. 20, 1777, wrote as follows: "The Hampshire grants in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left." That was a pretty fine compliment, considering from whom it came, and remembering that the Battle of Bennington had been fought only a few days before.

"The Hampshire grants" was what is now Vermont, but had not taken on that name at the time of Burgoyne's letter. Settled in 1761, under grants issued by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, it had pursued its independent career, organizing its Green Mountain Boys to repel the invading claimants to the lands its settlers had bought and tilled, and to resist the authority which New York claimed to exercise over it, by reason of the decision of the crown to the effect that the lands were in New York territory.

The history of Vermont is unique. It acknowledged no outside authority and continued for a series of years to act as an independent republic. On Jan. 15, 1777, at Westminster Court House, it issued its own pronouncement of independence as a State, which reads thus: "This Convention whose members are duly chosen by the free voice of their constituent in the several towns on the New Hampshire grants, in meeting assembled, in our own names, and in behalf of our constituents, do hereby proclaim and publicly declare, that the district or territory comprehending and usually known by the name and description of the New Hampshire grants, of right ought to be and is hereby declared forever after to be considered as a free and independent jurisdiction or State."

Vermont was not admitted as a State until 1789. It had previously made various applications for admittance, but Congress had not seen its way clear to grant the request, owing to Vermont's tangled relations with some of the existing States of the Union.

Yet if Vermont was not one of the United States during the Revolution she rendered valiant and most important service to the cause of American Independence. The Battle of Bennington marked a vital turning point in the great struggle. Lord George Germaine, the British Minister, pronounced Burgoyne's unsuccessful attempt against Bennington as "fatal" to the English, and "the cause of all the subsequent misfortunes." Jefferson called this battle on the Walloomsac, "the first link in the chain of successes which issued in the surrender



The House in which Col. Baum died, 16 Aug., 1777. Built by D. Matthews, and taken down 1861.

FRANCIS ALLEN

at Saratoga.” And Washington said: “One more such stroke, and we shall have no great cause for anxiety as to the future designs of Britain.”

* * * * *

Earlier than the above vigorous declaration of Statehood, and entirely distinct from it in meaning and in purpose was what has aptly been called the “Declaration of Freedom”, issued at Bennington, Vermont. The original document is now in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society, at Montpelier. Unfortunately it is not dated, but competent authorities believe it to have been issued early in 1775, somewhat more than a year before the Philadelphia Declaration of Independence.

This important document reads in part as follows: “We the free holders and inhabitants of the town of Bennington, on the New Hampshire Grants in the County of Albany and province of N. York being greatly alarmed at the avowed design of the Ministry to raise a revenue in America and shocked by the bloody scene now enacting in the Massachusetts Bay, do in the most solemn manner resolve never to be Slaves.”

The document then continues to say that they “do associate under all the ties of religion, honour and love to our Country, to adopt and endeavor to carry into execution whatever measures may be recommended by the Continental Congress or resolved upon by our Provincial Convention for the purpose of preserving our Constitution and opposing the execution of several arbitrary and oppressive acts of the British Parliament, until a reconciliation between Great

Britain and America on Constitutional principles (which we most ardently desire) can be obtained, etc.”

The mention in this “Bennington Declaration for Freedom,” with reference to “the bloody scene now enacting in the Massachusetts Bay”, would seem to refer to the Battle of Lexington and Concord, and to bear out the supposition that it was issued early in 1775. In presenting this important document to the Vermont Historical Society, Mr. Hall Park McCullough of North Bennington and New York, wrote in part as follows:

“Gentlemen:—Herewith enclosed you will find a document signed by a Committee and many of the inhabitants of Bennington declaring that they resolved never to become slaves and associating themselves together to defend their liberties. It is undated but bears internal evidence of having been put out early in 1775. That the resolve by the signers to defend their liberties was no empty boast is proved by their acts.”

It will be observed that while this document is not an absolute declaration of independence, yet it is, as it is called by the Vermont Historical Society, a “declaration against the tyranny of the government and forces of King George of Great Britain.” It is popularly known as the “Bennington Declaration of Independence.”

* * * * *

But few are now living who saw and heard Abraham Lincoln during his trip to Washington for his first inauguration. You will remem-

ber that the route of the train was changed, as attempts upon the life of the President were feared. Thus it happened that the train passed through Troy, N. Y., where it made a short stop.

Miss Katherine Hubbell, of old Bennington, Vt., was in Troy at that time, where she was visiting her cousin, who was president of a railroad. He told her the evening before, that the President-elect was expected the next day, and that he had reserved the balcony opening out from his private office, for his family and friends.

Miss Hubbell, who was a young girl at the time, was there with the family at the appointed hour. The large Union Station was packed with people, and crowds were standing outside. As the train came slowly into the station, Mr. Lincoln was standing on the platform of his private car, several gentlemen being with him. He was met and introduced to the great audience by the Mayor of the city, and made a short address in response.

An account of this interesting occasion has been written by the gentle and well-beloved lady who was thus present in her youthful days, and upon that account these paragraphs are founded. "During his address, I watched him closely," writes Miss Hubbell, "he was not awkward, his gestures were easy and natural. When he smiled, his sad face was very pleasant. His dark eyes were 'homes of silent prayer.' At the close of his address he was introduced to some of the prominent citizens.

"Then a bell sounded and the train moved slowly out of the station; he stood uncovered,

his right hand resting on the shoulder of one of his sons who stood beside him, and smiling and bowing right and left. The crowds inside and outside the station waved flags, hats and handkerchiefs, and there were deafening cheers. He passed slowly from our sight—on to his future.”

The following are the words spoken by Mr. Lincoln on that occasion, as reported in the Troy Times, and preserved by Miss Hubbell in her scrap-book :

“Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens of Troy, New York, I am here to thank you for this noble demonstration of the citizens of Troy, and I accept this flattering reception with feelings of profound gratefulness. Since having left home, I confess, sir, having seen large assemblies of people, but this immense gathering more than exceeds anything I have ever seen before. Still, Fellow Citizens, I am not vain enough to suppose that you have gathered to do me honor as an individual, but rather as the representative for the fleeting time of the American people. I have appeared only that you might see me, and I, you, and I am not sure but I have the best of the sight. Again thanking you, Fellow Citizens, I bid you farewell.”

* * * * *

When William Lloyd Garrison came to Boston in 1826, he was poor, without friends, and had to earn his living as a compositor at the ease in various offices. He had edited for a time the Free Press in Newburyport, but the venture was not a success, and when he left the paper he was practically penniless. He took lodgings

in Boston with a city missionary who had founded a paper devoted to temperance, and he edited that paper for awhile.

In this house where he lodged, there came, as a transient boarder, Benjamin Lundy, who was editor in Baltimore of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. Lundy made an ardent disciple of young Garrison, who already had shown some interest in the cause of anti-slavery.

Presently, Garrison received an invitation to go to Bennington, Vt., and edit there a new paper started to forward the candidacy of John Quincy Adams for re-election as President. The invitation was accepted, and on the third of October, 1828, was issued the first number of the *Journal of the Times*, the name of William Lloyd Garrison appearing as editor.

The young editor was then only in his 23d year, but that his convictions were firmly fixed is shown by his initial address, "To the Public," in which he stated the three objects he had in view, declaring that he was resolved to pursue them through life. Those objects he set forth to be: "The suppression of intemperance and its associate vices, the gradual emancipation of every slave in the republic, and the perpetuity of national peace."

In that very first number of the *Journal*, Garrison proposed the forming of anti-slavery societies in Vermont, and urged the petitioning Congress that session for the abolishing of slavery in the District of Columbia. He found a congenial friend and fellow-worker in James Ballard, the principal of the Academy in Bennington, and at a meeting held in the Academy

building a petition written by Garrison was adopted and sent to the several towns in the State for signature, and to the newspapers for publication.

Garrison was happy in Bennington, and his enthusiasm over its Green Mountain scenery was unbounded. He loved beautiful Mount Anthony which he could view from the rear windows of his printing office. But his stay among these delightful surroundings was to be a short one. One day Benjamin Lundy made his appearance in Bennington. He had walked all the way from Baltimore to try to persuade Garrison to come to that city and join with him in new plans for the enlarging of his "Journal of Universal Emancipation." His pleadings were effectual, and the young editor went forth to his future of struggle, but of immortality.

That Bennington chapter in the life of William Lloyd Garrison does not seem to be so generally known as is the rest of his career, but it is a chapter worth taking note of. There, close to the scene of the historic Battle of Bennington, Garrison commenced his new battle for liberty, nearly three years before the first number of "The Liberator" appeared in Boston. Well might be applied to Old Bennington itself those lines addressed to Vermont as a whole:

"Green hooded maiden of the hills,
Lady of Liberty."

* * * * *

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Jedidiah Dewey was the first minister of the first church at Bennington, Vt. He came to the church from Westfield, Mass., where he had been

a Separatist preacher for some years. Having only a common school education, he was yet intelligent and gifted, and was an ardent patriot. He preached a war sermon the Sunday before the Battle of Bennington was fought and won.

Ethan Allen was one of his parishioners, and was in the congregation at the service of thanksgiving for the taking of Ticonderoga. In Parson Dewey's prayer he gave God all the glory for the taking of this "Key of New England" as it has been well called. Allen felt himself slighted, since no reference was made to him, and right in the midst of the prayer, called out thrice: "Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey!" The astonished minister paused and opened his eyes. Whereupon Allen raised both hands, and said expostulatively: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there!" The interruption passed without further notice by the minister, and the service duly proceeded.

If Ethan Allen was a somewhat rough and original character, yet he was the man for the hour, and was the essence of boldness and daring. He was also noted for the aptness of his retorts, when occasion served. While he was in Albany, defending the cause of the settlers against the ejection suits brought by New York speculators, the Attorney-General said to him that the cause of the settlers was hopeless, and that he had better go home and advise his Green Mountain friends to submit. The Attorney-General cited the proverb as to might often prevailing against right. Allen was quick with the response, that "the gods of the valley were not the gods of the hills." Upon being asked

what he meant, he added that if his questioner would come with him to Bennington, the meaning would soon be clear.

There ought to be in Bennington a statue of Gen. Stark. When Vermont, in her trying and critical hour, called upon New Hampshire for aid, it was General Stark who raised the troops and came with them to the rescue. Daniel Webster's father, Ezekiel Webster, enlisted a company in his little home town, and came with the rest. Gen. Stark, aided by Col. Seth Warner's local knowledge and military sagacity, won that victory on the Walloomsac, which has made Bennington famous, and that was of vital importance to the patriot cause.

With the Berkshire detachment of militia that came on for the Battle, was "Parson Allen", called "the fighting parson", and he was indeed spoiling for a fight. Before daylight, on the morning of Aug. 16th, he went to Gen. Stark, and thus addressed him: "We the people of Berkshires have frequently been called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again."

Being asked by Gen. Stark if he wished to march then, when it was dark and rainy, "No" was his answer. "Then", said Stark, "if the Lord shall once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come out again." The weather cleared, and the fondest hopes of the "fighting parson" were soon realized.

The visitor to Old Bennington, who remains there for some days or weeks, and makes any

study of the history of the place, will be constantly finding something new, and wishing he had more time to follow up the interesting lines that develop, and invite him to further research. If he stops at the Walloomsac Inn, he will be told that it was built in 1764, earlier than the Catamount Tavern, and that it claims to be the oldest tavern in Vermont. Noticing in the hotel parlor, the picture of William Ellery Channing, he will learn that here that beautiful spirit passed on to the Celestial Mountains.

The whole story of those rugged pioneers who came and made this their new home, will begin to unroll itself before him. He will soon come to love the Battle Monument, and the perfect view commanded by its site. He will wish to master the details of that vitally important battle, and to study the actual field in which it was fought.

He will hear the story of the famous Bennington Pottery, and, should he be so fortunate, will obtain the privilege of seeing what is probably the most satisfactory collection of that interesting ware. Plans have been completed for an Historical Museum in Bennington, and an existing building has already been purchased for its home. The town is filled with historical treasures, now in private hands, many of which will here be grouped together. If the visitor shares my experience, he will be lured on from day to day, until they ripen into weeks, and when he at last reluctantly departs, he will say: "I am sorry to leave Old Bennington."

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